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SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1905.

Some Considerations on Greater Richmond.

To-morrow evening the Committee on
Charter, Ordinances and Reform from
the Board of Aldermen and the Common
Council will meet for further considera-
tion of the question of annexation. The
time that has elapsed since the last open
meeting of this committee has been a
period of active campaigning for exten-
sion of the city limits northwards. More-
over, the idea of Richmond as a power-
ful and prosperous manufacturing center
has germinated and borne fruit.

Freight rates, proximity to the coal
and iron fields, railroad facilities, good
labor, and an exceptionally equable cli-
mate have all combined to make Rich-
mond remarkably well adapted for man-
ufacturing. The notable growth of the
Locomotive Works and the high charac-
ter of the work done by the mechanics
of that institution have demonstrated the
capacity of our workmen to compete
successfully with the best plants in this
country. This example has naturally en-
couraged the belief that Richmond must
grow as a manufacturing center, and the
attitude of some of the members of the
subcommittee is therefore perfectly in-
telligible. While theoretically desiring
Greater Richmond, and actually admit-
ting the absolute necessity for more
room within our city limits from consid-
eration of health, rent and the comfort
and prosperity of the working class,
these gentlemen are balked at moving
the city boundaries northwards for fear
that thereby present manufacturing will
be brought in the city to their damage,
and other factories will be deterred from
coming here.

With all due respect to these gentle-
men, this view, though apparently pa-
triotic, is actually destructive of all
future growth, for it is based on a timi-
dity that is unjustified and on a premise
that is false. First of all, there is no
need for fear that plants will be moved,
even if their taxes were reasonably in-
creased, so long as the present advan-
tages of Richmond as a place for manu-
facturing remains unimpaired, and this
will be, so long as our workmen, cli-
mate and railroad facilities are un-
changed.

Again, the premise that Richmond's
tax rate is so intolerably high as to force
manufacturers to leave rather than bear
it, is demonstrably false.
We have problems that are neither
different or more difficult than those of
other cities, and nowhere else in Amer-
ica have manufacturers been driven away
by increasing city limits. Just consider
the growth of Greater New York, Phila-
delphia, St. Louis and Chicago, to cite
only the most striking examples. But
these problems can be solved by brains
and ability, and the present Council is
capable of dealing with any question that
can arise under these new conditions.

We are opposed to any cut rate in taxes
for anybody. There can be no good citi-
zenship and no enduring growth on any
basis of unfair advantage. But if the
manufacturing plants are fairly assessed,
they both can and will bear their fair
share of the burden.
The people demand a broad-gauged
expansion at this time, and we have no
fear that their representatives will fail
to recognize and respond to that de-
mand. A definite northern line, on this
liberal idea, should be indicated in the
ordinance, but it must not be forgotten
that the line will only be finally fixed by
decree of the Circuit Court of Henrico
county, after full consideration given to
the rights of all parties to be affected,
details of terms to be set out in such
court decree.

A Demonstration.

When Dr. Edwin A. Alderman looked
upon his splendid audience at the Acad-
emy of Music on Friday night, he re-
marked to an acquaintance standing by:
"This would not have been twenty years
ago."
"It would not have been five years
ago," replied the Richmond man.
"Five years ago it would have been al-
most impossible under any conditions to
assemble such an audience to hear a dis-
cussion on the subject of education. The
attendance under the best circumstances
would have been small, and, with the
rain coming down in floods, there would
have been only a handful of the faith-
ful."

How is this change to be accounted
for? The storm was so fierce that even
now would not have ventured out ex-
cept under an extraordinary impulse. The
storm was worse just at the time that

the audience was assembling, yet the
auditorium was filled with men and wo-
men, the stage was filled, most of the
seats in the first balcony were occu-
pied, and, we are pleased to note, there
was a goodly number of colored people
in the second balcony.

Dr. Alderman is always an attraction,
and the people love to hear him talk;
but even Dr. Alderman could not have
drawn so large an audience under such
unfavorable conditions five or six years
ago. Some may say that the audience
was "worked up" by the Richmond Edu-
cation Association, and in part that is
true. But five or six years ago the Rich-
mond Education Association could not
possibly have "worked up" such an
audience upon a rainy night.

There is a deeper reason, if more grati-
fying and inspiring reason, for this splen-
did demonstration, and in using that
word we have told the secret. The
demonstration was the expression of the
work of the Richmond Education Asso-
ciation. A few years ago that associa-
tion was organized by a small number
of earnest women, and began in a mod-
est way. But it began in the right way,
and, in the face of many discouragements,
the women pursued their way, until
they got hold upon the men and put
them to work. They enlisted the
sympathies and co-operation of the lead-
ing men and newspapers of the com-
munity, and made them work until they
came fond of the work. The Richmond
Education Association has aroused this
entire community to the importance of
popular education, and made that sub-
ject of profound interest. It was not
necessary to "work up" an audience for
Dr. Alderman. It was only necessary to
announce that he would speak on this
subject, in which the people are so deeply
interested. The audience which greeted
him under such unfavorable weather con-
ditions was an expression of public senti-
ment which the Richmond Education As-
sociation had "worked up" and a splen-
did tribute to the zeal and courage and
character of that noble organization.

A Modern Crusade.

The missionary tour of Vice-President
Fairbanks and other Republicans to
North Carolina was quite successful in
point of sociability and social enjoyment,
but seems to have been a flat failure
politically. We read the reports from
Greensboro, with much interest, espe-
cially the statement that Democrats were
present at the Republican dinner party,
that the Vice-President and his asso-
ciates were received with true South-
ern hospitality and when we read that
Mr. Fairbanks had gone to the State Nor-
mal School and received a great ovation
and that the young ladies had sung for
him the national hymn and bestowed
upon him their sweetest smiles, we began
to grow a little nervous. Time was when
a Republican crusade into a Southern
community would have produced a dif-
ferent effect and we feared that possi-
bly some of the Carolinian Democrats
were open to proposals from the North-
ern Republican leaders. But our fears
were groundless. We have been reas-
sured. Our Washington correspondent
reports that the trip of the Republicans
was a pleasant one, but by no means
satisfactory from the view point of those
in search of cheer and encouragement or
those who believed that the Old North
State offered a fruitful field for Repub-
lican missionary work. A member of the
party said that the affair was assuredly
a "frost" for those who expected to
find the North Carolinians tumbling over
one another to get into the Republican
band wagon.

That is simply delightful. North Caro-
linians are hospitable to all decent vis-
itors and they entertained their Repub-
lican guests right royally, throwing aside
sectionalism and giving them the best in
the house. But when it came to the
question of politics they were not even
tainted. They put one arm around the
neck of their guests, so to speak, but
left the other free that they might shake
their fist in the face of every Republican
proposal.
The fact is it seems to us that it was
Mr. Fairbanks who was captured, and if
he makes many more visits to the
South he will be as good a Democrat as
President Roosevelt. He was so much
delighted that he threw all the bouquets
at the feast he declared that there was
something about Southern hospitality that
was delightful. "Indeed," he added, "there
is nothing in all the rest of the world
like it."
This tempts us to reopen the discussion
of hot biscuits and cold bread. But in
consideration of the feelings of our North-
ern friends we desist.

Pay Your Poll Tax.

Reports come from all sections of Vir-
ginia that many Democrats have failed
thus far to pay their poll tax and unless
they do so early in May they will not be
entitled to vote in the primary or in the
general election to follow.
This is a most important matter and
should receive the prompt attention of the
City and County Democratic Committees.
The Republicans are actively at work,
and we have before us a circular which
they are sending out urging upon the
members of their party to see that the
poll tax of every Republican voter is paid.

The Democratic primary plan provides
that no person shall vote who is not
qualified to vote in the general election
following. Therefore, in order to vote in
the primary each and every Democrat
must have paid his capitation tax, unless
he is exempt by law from payment. It
is a matter of supreme importance, Dem-
ocrats of Virginia, and you should not
neglect it. The very latest day is May
first. If you do not pay by that time
you cannot vote either in the primary or
in the general election and this is a year
in which the Democratic party should be
prepared to poll its full strength.

There is no sense in stating the law, for
no matter how plainly it is stated, in
the minds of some, there will be confu-
sion. Our advice is this: Let each and
every case be considered individually. If
you have any doubt go to the county

treasurer and ask him to tell you whether
or your capitation taxes have all been
paid, according to law, so as to entitle
you to vote. If he answers in the af-
firmative, well, if he answers in the neg-
ative, find out what you owe and pay
up.

We urge every Democrat in the State
to look after this matter at once. Do not
take chances; qualify yourself to vote;
pay your tax even if you have to make
a sacrifice to do so. If you value your
vote surely you are willing to pay a
dollar or so for the privilege of exercis-
ing the manly and honorable right of
franchise.

Last of all, we urge upon our Demo-
cratic contemporaries throughout the
State to ring the changes on this ques-
tion. Brethren, keep your readers stirred
up, urge them the importance of attend-
ing to this civic duty. Don't let up un-
til every man of them has qualified.

Significant.

Several days ago a correspondent asked
Queries and Answers to locate a certain
poetical quotation. The editor of that de-
partment of the paper, who does not pro-
fess to know everything, referred the
query to the State Librarian, with the
request that he hunt it up. The editor
of Queries and Answers is an uncon-
structed rebel, and does not read Whit-
tier. The Librarian reported that he was
unable to find the poem from which the
quotation was taken, and it was so stated
in Queries and Answers. As soon as the
paper appeared, however, the Librarian
telephoned that he had found the quota-
tion—that it was from Whittier's "The
Eternal Goodness." That statement was
put in form and sent at once to the
printer, but by an oversight was left out
of the form and did not appear until the
following day.

In the meantime replies began to roll
in from other correspondents, although
the first to arrive was that of the Lib-
rarian. They came from Richmond and
from all parts of the State, and are still
coming in. Up to this time we have re-
ceived more than fifty letters telling us
where the quotation may be found.

It's fine. It indicates how popular
poetry is with the readers of The Times-
Dispatch, and indicates also how care-
fully the people read Queries and An-
swers.

Wanted—A Farm.

There is no nobler institution in this
community than the Richmond Male Or-
phan Asylum. It is a public blessing.
It is non-sectarian, and it asks no ques-
tions as to the affiliation of the boy who
knocks at its door, save the one question
of humanity—"Is he needy?" If so, he
is taken in, provided there is room, and
when he is taken in, he finds a good
home, where he is brought up under
refined and Christian influences. It is,
indeed, a home for boys, and Mrs. Gill
acts the part of mother to every boy.
The asylum has an endowment, but the in-
come is not sufficient for its needs and
appeals must be made from time to time
to the public. Mrs. Gill is making a
special appeal at this time for money to
pay for repairs that have been made, and it
is hoped that there will be a generous
response.

It is also hoped that the list of annual
members will be greatly enlarged. The
fee is only \$3 a year and there ought
to be at least a thousand members in
Richmond. There would be if the public
knew what a grand work the asylum is
doing.

Mrs. Gill wants somebody to give her a
farm. The person who responds to this
request will be blessed.

"Heart Idols."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
"These men have set up their idols in
their heart,"—Ezekiel, xiv, 3.

A fearful charge is here made by One
who knows and sees all we do, or think,
even—the Almighty and ever living God.
These were His people, chosen from
among all the nations of the earth; pro-
tected by His care and guided by His
priests; thronging His courts, in their
daily worship, and lavish with their cere-
monial offerings. Fair and worthy of all
limitation on the outside, yet in the heart
lay a deadly evil unsuspected in some
cases even by themselves.

To the beholder the glow of health may
brighten the cheek and the sparkle of
the eye bring pleasure; but to the skill-
ful and practical eye of the physician, it
is but the signal that danger lurks within.
The place of the disease indicates its
fatal character—"in their heart." This
is, in its worst form, heart disease, is
it not true that the heart is deceitful
above all things, and desperately wicked?
Is it true that the heart delights in con-
cealment? Every man, did he but know
it, is suffering from heart disease, in-
evitably, deadly.

What is the meaning of this disease of
the heart, this idolatry in the inner
soul? When a moral disease is of the
heart, it means that the disease is liked,
enjoyed, and gloried over. And when
this heart disease is used in a spiritual
as well as moral sense, it means that
it is consented to; it is voluntary; it is
personal; it is desired; that there would
be a sense of loss without it.

Disease of this kind is most difficult to
eradicate. It is not in the skin, or it
might be cut out; it is not in the limb,
or it might be amputated, and the knife
wonted purification. But the evil
is in the heart. No knife can touch it;
no persuasion reach it; there is only one
hope—that the miracle of the Holy Ghost
would turn that disease into health.

Are we chargeable with heart-idolatry?
In God's sight we may be the very best
persons in our hearts, while outwardly
we are Christians. We must search our
own hearts, for real until we unmask,
attack and destroy the enemy entrenched
there. How shall we know these idols?
They lurk in secret; it is only by the

When we get well into the annexation
business, there is no telling where Rich-
mond may go to. With Glen Allen and
Ashland, and all intervening territory on
the one side and Bon Air, Granite and
Manchester on the other, with street car

JUDGE NOT

(With chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.)

WE WOULD OFTEN WISH, in certain peculiar and dif-
ficult circumstances of life, to have near us a sure
and enlightened friend, who not only would inspire us
with perfect trust in his goodness and sympathy toward our-
selves, but also in his own clear-sightedness. One would wish
to have such a friend to place important questions before him,
and to sit at his feet and listen to his reply in silence. For
my part, in the obscurities of life I love to sit at the Master's
feet. He has the spirit that enlightens all situations.

The spirit of the gospel, as far as I have learnt to know
it by my experience, creates in each mind, in every man and
in every human circumstance, the most advantageous combi-
nation possible. The spirit of the gospel renders each man, in
his particular way, whatever may be his turn of mind or
capability, able to give the maximum of what he can render.
To-day let us all sit at the Master's feet to hear him utter
the words that I have just read to you. So much is the man
worth, as we know, so much are his words worth. He says:
"Judge not." It is He who says it, and He says it to us. Com-
pare the One who speaks and His advice with those who lis-
ten to Him.

The qualities of a good judge are of a varied order; he re-
quires mentality on the one hand and knowledge on the other.
A good judge must have a special soul, a soul made up of
equity and kindly clear-sightedness. To this spirit of upright-
ness he must add knowledge and information. He does not
set only upon his own personal impressions, however right
they may be. He must judge from documents. Christ has the
two qualities that make the true judge—mentality and knowl-
edge. No one has ever possessed a soul that inspired greater
trust in all cases, to judge them and to hold the formidable
scales. He possesses what is precious to judge with mercy and
justice. And then He has eyes that see very far; He knows
humanity. It is even one of our greatest consolations that He
does know it. I have often said to myself in the presence of
peevishness and of those who condemn humanity in conse-
quence of its vices and blackness, I have often said to myself,
as words of supreme comfort: That One knew us; He knew
our defects, and yet He had confidence in us, since He said
that it was not a mere manner of speaking; Christ never
used a word that was only a mere form of speech; I repeat
that He had trust in us, since He said, "Be ye perfect as
your Father in Heaven is perfect." Thus He deemed us cap-
able of infinite perfection.

Jesus saw both sides of the human medal. I will say fear-
lessly about Jesus what David said of God when he was about
to fall into the hands of his enemies: "Let me not fall into the
hands of men; let me fall into the hands of God." Men are
often wicked; they are bad judges; God is the Father; He is
merciful; let me fall into His hands.

I would have the same trust in being judged by Christ. I
would quietly put my cause into His hands, and from His lips,
without distrust, I would let fall on my head the sentence that
weighs me and judges me. I would know that entire justice,
merciful and upright justice, would be rendered. Now, it is
precisely this indubitable judge who says: "Judge not." He
says it to us. We are led to believe that He says it because
we have not in general, the mentality of a judge, and, on the
other hand, we have not sufficient knowledge; we are not up-
right, and if we were we cannot establish our judgment upon
complete documents.

First of all, we have not mentality. When one considers
men in general, it must be acknowledged that they are not
good judges. In the first place, there are prejudiced judges;
we know what they are. Then there are complaisant judges,
and we know what they are. Then there are judges suspected
of mercenary motives; we also know what they are. There
are also passionate judges, and finally judges who render judg-
ment on what they are ignorant of.

It is well known that a man is never so thoroughly at peace
or has a lighter heart for rendering justice than when he is
speaking of what he knows nothing about. Nothing equals the
serenity of soul with which the blind in spirit judge the paint-
ings of others; nothing equals the serenity of soul with which
the deaf in spirit criticize the music made by other people.
Have you seen children judge their parents? Young men
without experience judging from their own standpoint the ex-
perience of older men? Have they not severely critical words
which disconcert the wisest of us? It is always those who
understand the least who judge the most.

Have you seen people in easy circumstances, wealthy peo-
ple, or people of merely independent means, call up before
their tribunal the needy man, the man in embarrassed cir-
cumstances, the one whose moral advance has been hindered
by the obstacles of necessity? Have you seen them require of
the poor virtues which they themselves have not? Have you
had the opportunity of noticing masters require of their in-

lantern of God's Word that we can dis-
cover them. Their name is legion, but I
shall only name a few. Let each judge
and make his own diagnosis.

Do you habitually realize that you are
somebody? Is your talk such as to call
attention to your personal merits? Are
you very sensitive about the considera-
tion in which you are held? Well may
you suspect PRIDE.

Are you hard in your bargains and con-
tentions about small matters? Are you
worried and annoyed by the ever-recur-
ring demands for alms? Do you give
reluctantly of the scraps, amassing your-
self the while with dreams of how liberal
you would be if you were richer or out of
debt? You may be sure that covetous-
ness is hid there.

Do you rebel against regularity in re-
ligious habits, and note each day fresh
excuses for the neglect of devotion? Are
you fretful under the routine service of
life and discontented because you have
not an easy time? These are the symp-
toms of sloth.

Have you so little control over your
appetite that you will not restrain it
when prudence requires or spiritual
discipline demands it? Albeit no drunk-
ard, are your faculties occasionally ex-
cited or stupefied by drink? Gluttony is
there.

Are you fretful, irritable, impatient, of
suggestions, alights of contradictions,
with a good memory for injuries? If not
openly quarrelsome, yet guilty of the
folly and ill-breeding of showing dislike
for others by meanness and gesture?
Anger has the better of you.
Howbeit free from actual unchastity,
do you indulge in unclean thoughts? Do
you laugh at the coarse jest? I may not
you laugh at the coarse jest, creeps
enlarge—only just, baneful lust, creeps
over the whole land, leaving its slime
upon books and papers and shows and
amusements.

Does it pain you to hear others well
spoken of? Do you drop little words of
detraction? Are you ashamed to go to
church where others dress better than
you? Are you discontented as you see
the finer houses and luxuries of others?
There is envy in the heart.

These are some of the idols which may
be set up in our hearts. No one prob-
ably has all of them, yet every one al-
most certainly has some one of them.
Whenever any one of these idols is set
up in the heart and worshipped, it is to
the exclusion of Christ. You cannot wor-
ship Christ and an idol at the same time.
Which will you choose—Christ or an idol?

When we get well into the annexation
business, there is no telling where Rich-
mond may go to. With Glen Allen and
Ashland, and all intervening territory on
the one side and Bon Air, Granite and
Manchester on the other, with street car

feriors an evenness of temper, an integrity of character,
which they themselves do not display, and who daily commit
faults for the least of which they would at once severely re-
primand and punish their subordinates? Have you sometimes
seen the grotesque and at the same time sorry fashion in
which the idle, those who do nothing, judge workers? For let
us proclaim it loudly—it is the truth—there is a division of
roles in this world; on one side there are those who form the
gallery; they are seated and they count the blows; they look
on at others fighting, running, working, and they pass judg-
ment upon them. As a general rule, those who do nothing con-
sider that others never do enough. For the idle all work goes
too slowly; they want to be served at once. When they need
something, they do not count the effort; they act as a meas-
ure only the caprices of their desire. They exact and demand
that those neighbor should raise to the height of their cap-
rice (which is colossal and superhuman) his poor means of
execution.

Do you not know people who expect others to make the
trees grow quicker for them, to supply them instantly and
on the spot with a forest of oak trees around the big mansion
they have had built with great speed by hurrying the over-
worked laborers? Less people do less they doubt that every-
thing can be done.

Al, I can understand why that man, who had the mentality
of the good judge, why Christ, who knew mankind, and who,
therefore, knows us, says to us: "Judge not." It is as though
He said: "Do not meddle with that office; you are not great
enough."

There are also people, lay brethren, who judge the feel-
ings of others. I have seen persons who know not what mourn-
ing is, who show on their faces that their life has been like a
smoothly flowing river; I have seen those persons carefully
notice the expression of others when struck down by a great
sorrow take note of the shades of mourning worn by this or
that one, their different ways of behaving under fire, their
various manners of writhing in the furnace of pain. It is re-
volting, it is horrible, to thus assume the office of a judge of
what is taking place in the souls of others. If their tears are
shed inwardly, if it is through modesty that they do not
exhibit their grief to a world which is so often unworthy that
they are surprisingly calm for people struck down by sorrow.

We also have judges seated at a tribunal and calling up
prisoners accused of heresy. In this case it is the faith of
others that is judged—their prayers when they speak to God.
Judgment is passed upon the place that the image of Christ
occupies in their mind, and whether that place is sufficient or
not. The measure is taken of the results of their thoughts
applied to the mysteries of creation, and whether these re-
sults are equal to their object. The value is taken of the
length and breadth of their hopes, an estimation is made of
the reality, the sincerity and the degree of authenticity of
their belief; their religious conscience is judged, a hand is
laid (that hand of man that is too heavy, too thick, too cold
and too unjust) upon that sacred place that is called the inner
sanctuary. Judgment is passed upon what cannot be seen, a
name is given to the invisible; that which has no sensible
weight is laid upon the scales, and the measure is taken of
that which comes under no rule of measurement. Then sen-
tence is passed, execution is made, communication is pro-
nounced, and that is justice. And the judges go to their rest,
as will animals go to sleep after they have devoured their
prey. Why could their sleep be troubled? They have judged
in the name of God Himself, they have judged heretics, un-
believers or wrong believers. What is more conformable to the
most just laws than to expulse from the city of God and from
the society of believers those whose faith is tainted with error?

"Lo silence se fait dans le pretore desert."
Et rien ne reste plus qu'un Christ pensif et pale
Levant les bras au ciel dans le fond de la salle."
(There is silence in the deserted hall,
And nothing remains but a Christ, thoughtful and pale,
Raising His arms to heaven, at the end of the hall.)

That is what our great poet, Victor Hugo, once said when
describing a human judgment.
Yes, that is just what it is; the picture is strikingly true;
after sentence is passed everybody goes away, judges and
prisoners.

"Et rien ne reste plus qu'un Christ pensif et pale."
Levant les bras au ciel dans le fond de la salle."
That is the picture of true justice, raising His arms to
heaven, in a mortal sorrow for all the injustices committed
in His name.
(Copyright 1905 by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

*An allusion to the figure of crucified Christ that is hung
up in the courts of justice.

RYHMES FOR TODAY

In Gentlest Spring.
Oh, yes, spring is surely coming.
If I read the times aright,
For the bug's begun his humming
Through the weltering, sweltering night,
And the skeeter's once more bumbling
For a bite.

Yes, the time is fast approaching
(As I've practically said)
When the insects' eager poaching
Mars our arms and limbs and head,
And we hear the low cock roosting
Near our bed.

When the temperature's advancing,
And, by nature's curious laws,
Thick fannels set us dancing,
Yet we shrink to don the gauze;
And cool drinks are most entrancing
To our jaws.

When the city's streets are baking,
And the country's trifling hot,
And the farmer's kindly flock taking
All the money we've got—
(Though denying he is making
Such a lot,
Which is rot).

When old Sol, so brightly glowing
On mountain, shore and camp,
Holly sees our collar's growing
Very limp and very damp;
And the moth's make splendid showing
Round our lamp.

When we need a pair o' bellows
To originate a breeze,
But I hate to seem ill-belov'd,
Hate to bent spring to her knees;
So I'll stop it—I'm not jealous—
And I wish you'd mention please,
Why the tools never tell us
Things like these.

—H. S. H.

The Corporation Commission.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—Never will the action and wis-
dom of the State Corporation Commission
be more generally appreciated than in
the recent decision of that tribunal
in the order that the Southern Railway
Company furnish a new passenger sta-
tion at Green Bay. In the recent move
by the people of that community to com-
pel the Southern Railway to furnish the
passenger station at that station a new
and much-needed depot building, it
would be difficult to find a more mer-
ciful claim than that of the nation. It
is one of those instances where a long-
suffering public could get no relief from
a railroad company, which pursued a
rigid policy so long and so relent-
lessly that the ears of the officials can
only hear the mandate of authority, but
is deaf to the demands of justice. It
is hardly policy to say that a corpo-
ration like the Southern Railway Com-
pany would for more than a quarter
of a century receive the revenues so
continuously from its patrons at Green
Bay, and then withhold from them ordi-
nary facilities and accommodations for
the transportation of their business, as
well as reasonable quarters for the com-
fort of the passengers. The agent's office
at that point is almost a miracle. Since
you view it, you would be excusable for
supposing that the architect never studied
designing at all but had been merely
installing the furniture and dimensions of the
building in the land of Lilliput. The
waiting-room is only one small low-pitch-
ed affair, in which all business must be

the genuine "old Joe" whiskey

has a
red seal
over cork
to protect you.
be sure to look
for it.
sold everywhere.
you know it's good.

bluthenthal & bickart
"b. & b."

atlanta

transacted with the agent. While and
colored must there mingle in groping
confusion. The freight room is a coarse
diminutive affair. The front platform is
diagonal shape, or rather wedge, than a
yard stick, being more narrow at one
end than the other. Such is this com-
monplace, and the penuriousness of this
big corporation. The writer is a native
of that ancient borough's neighborhood,
and well appreciate the labors of these
worthy people, who sought relief through
the Corporation Commission. There can-
not